

Regretting the Loss of a Dud

I let a Milk Dud fall out of the box
on purpose
but the kick I gave it was accidental.
I heard it wobble away from me
down the sloping, sticky floor of the movie theater,
gathering speed
as it made its chocolaty way toward the screen
where a giant two-dimensional woman
was pensively brushing her hair in front of a mirror
and exchanging glances with her reflection.

I told myself that she was a projection
and fictional
and hopelessly vain,
but I couldn't deny that she was so huge and beautiful
that the Milk Dud had rolled to her without pause.
Reminding myself of the sloping floor
and the accidental kick
was no comfort
for the Milk Dud could have stopped if it had wanted to
and now I could no longer roll its roundness between my fingers
and press its sweetness to my three-dimensional lips.

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